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THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WILD.

It has happened not unfrequently that historical personages have passed under a false character for many generations, and have then all on a sudden been discovered to be something very different from what the world supposed them. We are not prone to change our opinions: on the contrary, the difficulty is to get us to quash a false judgment. Generations for a certain time follow one another in their opinions like a string of geese; and thus a man who is once fairly set up as a hero, may count on some centuries of worship at the least. So also it is with a beast. Your lion continued the king of the forest from time immemorial up to a very recent period. His herculean build, his grave and majestic pace, his thunder-like roar, answered for crown, globe, and sceptre, and his legitimacy was acknowledged in all times and countries. But it was at length put to the test. He was pitted in a fair field with the tiger, and in spite of his airs of superiority, the lion gave in, and his enemy was declared champion of the forest. How many figures of poetry, how many historical associations, were shattered to pieces by this unexpected result! The Hercules in whose divine face the old sculptor had fused the leonine with the human features was henceforth a dishonoured demi-god; and Richard of the Lion-heart found himself linked in the imaginations of men with an animal which turned tail to an enemy.

The new champion maintained the field for a time, and cunning mingled with ferocity—prompting the sneaking circuit, and then the sudden spring—appeared to be the true characteristics of warlike heroism. But already the tiger's reign is at an end, and poetry and sculpture have had hardly time to turn themselves round, when another champion appears pacing the arena supreme and alone, and making its bloody precincts echo to a sound more deep and hoarse than the lion's roar. This is the wild buffalo, whom nature herself appears to have distinguished as a fighting animal, by furnishing him with weapons of offence apparently useless except in battle. The Indian buffalo has been tried repeatedly in a fair stand-up fight with the tiger, and his superiority in strength and courage has been demonstrated so clearly, that in such contact he should be regarded rather as an executioner than a rival. The last noted instance of this barbarous sport of which we have any report, took place at Solo in the island of Java; and to show how nearly the modern Javanese approach in their amusements to the ancient Romans, we present the following account of the affair.

At an early hour in the morning, the population of the whole country-side, men, women, and children, begin to assemble, for it has been bruited abroad that the emperor has doomed the death of five enormous royal

tigers, his menageries having become too populous in this animal. The Dutch resident and his staff have been formally invited to the spectacle; and all the military officers and private gentlemen of the place, together with the lady of the resident, and others of the fair sex, prepare to join the cavalcade. An independent chief, attended by his officers and an escort of cavalry, swells the procession still more, and the native dresses, blended to the eye with the military and civilian costumes of the Europeans, give a romantic richness to the scene, upon which a tropical sun looks down from a cloudless sky.

On arriving at the precincts of the palace, the procession passed through the numerous courts which lead to the dwelling, and in each was saluted by successive bands of drums, horns, and other instruments. Arms were presented and flags lowered as the resident passed; and at length the innermost court was reached, where the emperor sat under his canopy, with the grand band, dressed in white pantaloons and scarlet coats, playing—and playing extremely well—on European instruments. The resident and other invited guests passed up to his majesty through an avenue of chairs, and having enjoyed the honour of a shake of the imperial hand, each retired to his seat. The emperor was dressed in a pair of chintz trousers, red, white, and yellow, which came to his bare ankles, and his stockingless feet were cased in embroidered slippers. A sarang was fastened gracefully round his waist, with a plain dagger stuck in its folds behind. A white vest, a black jacket ornamented with a close row of diamond buttons, and a conical cap of something like white gauze stuck on the top of his head, completed his attire. His hair was dressed in a tail, which hung a little way down his back; and he wore a profusion of rich diamond rings and other ornaments.

After a time—for in the far East nothing is done in a hurry—the emperor and resident got up simultaneously, and walked away together arm in arm, a dwarf bearing his majesty's train, consisting of a portion of the sarang. A crowd of females followed, some carrying stools covered with crimson cloth, another a gold sari box, another a spittoon of the same metal, another an old musket, and among the rest one bearing a golden shield adorned with diamonds, rubies, and numerous other precious stones in great profusion. The ladies, to the number of twenty, who carried these insignia of rank and state, were somewhat elderly, and they were followed by about thirty more a little younger—all with bare shoulders, and a few with bands of gold lace wound round their necks, and the ends hanging down before and behind. Following, and intermingling with this singular guard of honour, came the European visitors without distinction of rank; and as the crowd—for it could not be called a procession—passed through the successive courts, they were drummed and trumpeted

from one to another, till they at length reached the ground, distinguished by another tent or canopy, under which the emperor and resident seated themselves. This place was guarded by a band of beautiful girls, arrayed in yellow sarangs and tightly-fitting dresses, whose delicate yellow skins contrasted charmingly with their dark shining hair and sparkling eyes. The principal courtiers, and some of the royal family, were squatted on the ground; but the European guests and the independent native chief were provided with red chairs. At a respectful distance squatted the prime minister and his attendants on the bare sand.

It being announced that the tigers were ready at the imperial command, wine was handed round to the general company. A characteristic circumstance now occurred. The lady of the resident came up to take her seat under the canopy, attended by a crowd of ladies; but although she passed close to his majesty, he did not notice her even by a glance, but continued staring straight before him. In the far East it is unpollite to look at another man's spouse; and to ask her husband after her health is considered the height of rudeness.

The emperor and resident now got up once more, and walked away arm in arm, followed by the guard of women—exactly according to the rule of the Surrey theatre in its palmy days of the melodrama. This time they halted near the pen in which the fight was to take place, and then they sat down once more, the company standing round them. The pen was not more than fifteen or sixteen feet in diameter, and it was enclosed with teak posts bound with withes of bamboo.

Now appeared the true hero of the day—a fine black male buffalo, with whitened horns and a garland of flowers round his neck. He stood in the middle of the pen, the observed of all observers, and eyeing the crowd in his turn with a fierce and surprised look. But presently, when a royal tiger tumbled in, this look became more intense; and it was returned with exaggeration when the visitor observed on whose privacy he had involuntarily intruded. The animals, who would have rushed at each other in the desert, only gazed in shy astonishment; the buffalo keeping his place in the centre, but wheeling round as on a pivot, with his head down and horns levelled, as the tiger sneaked slowly round the edge of the circle. How long this would have gone on is hard to say. The tiger, inspired at once with hate and fear, sought instinctively for a weak point, yet dared not spring; while the buffalo, stern and self-possessed, knew too well the treacherous nature of his enemy to abate his vigilance, but seemed willing, under the unaccountable circumstances of the meeting, to decline a combat if possible.

The music, however, had already commenced to which the actors were to fight; and as the roll of the drum, the clang of the trumpet, and the thunder of the gong became fiercer, and faster, and wilder, the movements of the destined combatants kept time. Confused with the noise, and with the wild gestures and exciting cries of the attendants, the animals gradually lost their self-command such as it was. Patience, prudence, reflection, everything gave way. The roar of the music, and the yells of the spectators, seemed as so many insults and outrages which instinctive animosity traced to the 'natural enemy.' Maddened by the ceaseless din, the animals knew no longer what they were about, but came in contact in the middle of the arena, and wreaked on each other their concentrated rage. Again and again the tiger, butted against the enclosure,

lost heart, and sneaked away; but again and again he returned to the charge, only to be butted anew. At length the desperate animal, climbing to the top of the enclosure, sprang down upon the head and shoulders of his enemy. A moment the spectators were in doubt—but only a moment; for the buffalo, without giving him time to fasten, threw him yelling back into the air. Again the brute adopted the same stratagem—again, again, and again, in such rapid succession, that the eye could scarcely follow his motions; but each time he was flung up again as energetically as at first, till at length he stirred no more after his fall, but lay dying or dead upon the ground, and was dragged away.

A second tiger was thrown in to the same buffalo; but this time the coyness and surprise were all on the part of the former. The buffalo now knew what the thing meant, and the second combat was over in a moment. The tiger was drawn away senseless by the attendants, while the conqueror marched off on his legs.

So much for the championship of the buffalo. But we must now show how the remainder of the tigers were disposed of, this being the second and final act of this horrid melodrama. Another circular piece of ground was chosen for the new exhibition, not fifteen feet, but 300 feet in diameter, and its walls were composed of lines of men standing several rows deep, each armed with a long spear. These troops were clad in red, yellow, blue, and green jackets; and the interval between them and the platform where the emperor and his visitors sat was occupied by his guards, armed with rifles, spears, swords, and other weapons. The circle was closed round by humbler spectators, to the number of several thousands; while every roof, tree, wall, or elevation of any kind in the neighbourhood was crowded with men, women, and children.

In the centre of the ring were the oblong cages of the tigers, hung round with a kind of long grass, so as to hide the inmates; and behind these were two others, shaped like dish-covers, resting on the ground, within which were the men whose office it was to minister on the occasion, as will presently be explained. Three other attendants, however, stood openly by the cages, and it was their duty to perform the manoeuvres intrusted to them at the motion of the emperor's arm. The first sign made, one of them, after making his slow and reverential obeisance to the emperor, mounted upon the top of one of the cages, and with a graceful motion severed with his hatchet the string which bound the door. He then drew the door up, and slapped it quickly down in its groove several times; then pulled it entirely out, and threw it upon the ground. This done, he made another obeisance, and leaping down, seated himself by that terrible aperture, which had now nothing more than a bunch of grass hanging before it for a curtain! His two companions, in the meantime, were behind the cage, preparing their burning wisps to set fire to the grass hung round it.

It may be supposed that this was a moment of intense excitement, for there appeared to be nothing to prevent the tiger from issuing from his den, and the distance to the serried line of spears was 150 feet. The imperial sign was at length given; and the man at the mouth of the cage slowly and gracefully bowed himself to the dust, and then rose up and joined his companions. They now set fire to the grass upon the cages, and then all three placed themselves in line; then the music struck up, and with a dancing movement, composed of a succession of leaps, with pauses between, executed as if

by one man, they began to move slowly towards the boundary of the circle. The tiger in the meantime came out, tail foremost, and looked round with surprise and fury at the array before him. The spectators held their breath; for the dancers, in the frenzy of a fantastic honour, still kept time, and that odious measure still kept its prescribed *andante*. He sees them—he lashes his tail—he moves forward; but they only give another jump, and then make another pause in obedience to the music. The tiger re-enters his cage! and the dancers at length reach the circle of spears, which opens and shrouds them from sight.

The fire, in the meantime, had not communicated so completely with the cage as to expel the tiger from his den; it, however, soon did so; and the grass bursting into flames, the tiger bounded out. Then struck up the music, then rolled the drum, then clanged the trumpet, then thundered the gong, then shouted the men, then screamed the women; and the denizen of the forest, confounded with the heterogeneous salute, shrunk back into his den. But not long could he stand the heat and smoke; and with slow gliding pace, and eyes rolling in calm desperation round the circle, he returned deliberately into the open space; and prowling backwards and forwards in front of the emperor, whom he no doubt recognised as the commander of the host of enemies, he appeared to be consulting with his own quaking heart on his awful predicament. Sometimes he approached the line; but his courage failed at the sight of the glittering spears, the blades of which converged on all sides, with his body as the centre to which they pointed. Then he retreated to observe the state of his burning den; but deriving no comfort from the view, he stood still, as if in despair, with his lower jaw hanging down. At length, rousing himself from his lethargy, he made a sudden rush at the armed ring—from which he was thrown back bleeding. Galloping round the circle, he tried point after point as quick as thought, but always baffled, always wounded. At length concentrating his energies, he made so desperate a charge near the royal stand that his enemies gave way. In an instant he was through the line; in another he had passed under a carriage in which some ladies were sitting; and in a third he had flashed by the side of the old prime minister, who sat upon the sand eying the feat with the most imperturbable coolness. But here his sudden good fortune as suddenly deserted him: the lancers were round him in a compact body; he was pinned to the ground in an instant; and he yielded up his hope and his life together.

The other tigers were destroyed in a similar manner under circumstances of more or less excitement; and then the emperor and his guests, satisfied with the sport, returned with the same state in which they had come. It perhaps occurred to some of the company, as they retired from the field, musing and silent, to speculate on the power of the animals they had seen, rendered useless for any great purpose by the restricted nature of their instincts. Man alone has his comparatively insignificant strength directed by Reason; and thus, with his other titles of power and dominion, he is the true Champion of the Wild. But the higher this reason advances—the further he recedes from the brute kind—the less amusement he finds in the agonies of the inferior animals. Such is a picture of modern sports in the East—such is what was presented to the populace of ancient Rome—such is pretty much what was tolerated in England at no very distant date. The sentiments which are now aroused amongst us on hearing of practices so revolting to humanity, mark the great advance which has latterly been made in public taste and feeling. That the spread of Christianity in

the East will gradually lead to the abolition of the fiendish pastimes just referred to, is past all reasonable doubt.*

WEAVERS AND MINERS AT AIRDRIE.

We had lately occasion to spend some time in the populous weaving and mining district of Airdrie in the west of Scotland. Nothing struck us more than the great longevity of many of the original inhabitants of the place, who in their old years have been subjected to all the privation consequent on low wages for the last twenty years. One of these we found to be above ninety years of age, and several others had reached the age of seventy or eighty. Some of these old men are paupers, and depend on the small pittance allowed them by the parish, amounting to about 4s. a month, and the casual charity of the people of the place. On the other hand, it is exceedingly rare to meet with a hale old man belonging to any other class—old men among the mining population are exceedingly rare.

The privations to which the handloom weavers have been subjected have been the means of making the most of their young men turn their attention to the more lucrative occupation of mining, so that the marriage of a weaver is rather a rare occurrence. The miners, however, are under no restraint in this respect, and the number of children belonging to them is sufficiently numerous to excite surprise, as well as forebodings of want and misery.

Among the handloom weavers, those who have families appeared to have suffered least from the pressure of the times. Their sons and daughters being generally put to the loom at the age of eight or nine years, become in a short time able to make as much as 1s. per day; and this, added to their fathers' income, creates a kind of competence we do not meet with in families differently situated. It doubtless requires the greatest frugality to make 'the two ends meet.' Meal and milk and Scotch broth are the chief fare. It is no uncommon thing for the wife of a weaver to follow the same occupation as himself, particularly when there are few or no children in the case. His condition is also often much ameliorated by the employment of apprentices, who are frequently obtained from the charity workhouses of Edinburgh or Glasgow. These it is his duty to feed, clothe, and educate by sending to a night school; though, we must add, this latter part of his duty is often sadly neglected. With all these means, the married weaver is often a respectable, well-dressed, church-going individual: the blanched and sunk cheek, however, generally tells a tale of privation and suffering which has been endured with a patience altogether unexampled.

The weavers are by no means satisfied that they receive justice from their employers. Prices, they maintain, are kept unnecessarily low. They seem to forget that this is the result of excessive competition. But there is another ground of complaint which we have often heard made by them—namely, that when work is scarce, and it becomes a favour to obtain a web from a warehouse, there is a continually expressed dissatisfaction at the quality of the workmanship, and stoppages made, which would not be submitted to in better times. It is to be hoped that this censure, if just, can only apply to a few.

The old mining body has been wonderfully changed in its composition, in consequence of the introduction of labourers and weavers into the pits and mines during the period of their many strikes. Their wages, from the same cause, are reduced from 5s. to 2s. 6d. or 3s. per day. The continual agitation the body kept up when they enjoyed high wages, and their often not working more than half time, in order that the stock of minerals at the pit's mouth might not be too much augmented, led to a resolution on the part of the masters to withstand

* The facts in the above sketch are derived from the last number of the 'Journal of the Indian Archipelago,' published at Singapore.

the claims constantly being made for enlarged wages; and the effect has been so far ruinous to the miner, that his wages are not much more than one-half of what they used to be, and his monopoly of employment destroyed. Under these circumstances, he perseveringly vents his discontent; but unavailingly. When the question is considered in a moral point of view, it is doubtful whether the miners are not better with a moderate than a high wage, the latter in all instances having led them into extravagant ideas of their own importance and into unreasonable demands. Considering, however, the nature of his work, its unhealthy character, and the danger to which the miner is exposed as to loss of life and limb, it is unjust to deny him the means of a comfortable subsistence, and of saving something against old age. It seems to be a general opinion that he should be able to make 3s. 6d. a day, even at the present low market prices of food and clothing. What in many parts prevents them doing so is, that the able-bodied man is not allowed to dig a greater quantity of coal or stone than the old and the infirm, and when a day is lost, the loss cannot be repaired by extra toil on the ensuing day or days. Combination has been the bane of the mining body, and in parts of the country where it does not exist, the workman is invariably in better circumstances.

It is not to be wondered at that men toiling in the bowels of the earth should be comparatively ignorant of what occurs in the upper world, and accordingly colliers are proverbial for their ignorance. This by no means applies to the whole of the body, many of which are as intelligent and enlightened men as are to be met with among other trades. The cause of the ignorance alluded to is partly, if not wholly, the early age at which their boys are sent into the pit. A boy above ten years of age is rarely to be seen in a school situated at a colliery. The boys are taken into the pit at this early age, and made to assist the elder ones in drawing. The father is entitled to 'put out' a quarter more than his allotted task; thus, if he made 3s. a day, he now earns 3s. 9d. At later periods the 'quarter man' becomes a 'half man,' and a 'three-quarter man,' and finally a whole man when he attains his seventeenth year. It is designed that the boy should attend the evening school, but the attendance is very irregular in general; and there he merely learns to write and cipher, or read the merest elementary book. It would be great injustice to say of the miners as a body that they are given to drunkenness. A drinking-bout after the pay, however, is only too frequent, and the use of tobacco is general.

How much this class of men may be improved, the history of Chapelhall, a village connected with Monkland Steel Works, will show. It was eighteen years ago a mere hamlet, consisting of a few newly-built houses and one old farm-house. It is now a considerable village, with perhaps from 2000 to 3000 inhabitants, and consists of well-built and comfortable houses of one and two storeys, the interiors of which are usually well furnished. Nearly one-half of the village is the property of the workmen, a number of whom are 'lairds' of several tenements. These lairds are industrious men, to whom the proprietor of the estate, John Robertson, Esq., Laehup, lent money as soon as they were able to add a few pounds to it, to build a house suited to the family of the borrowers. This money, obtained at 5 per cent. interest, and payable with the feu duty, the feuar becomes naturally anxious to pay up; and often in a year or two he has been able to do so by savings from his own earnings and that of his family. When this has been done, another sum, adequate to build another house, is at his command; and thus on the same feu there have been reared, in process of time, a number of houses, from which the feuar derives a considerable yearly income. The erection of a house consisting of one apartment, containing a window and two beds, costs little more than L.30, and a rental of L.3, or even L.3, 10s., is obtained for it. Many of the houses, however, consist of a room and kitchen.

The plan of assessment for educational purposes at these works, which are very extensive, deserves notice and imitation. Every man and boy employed at the work is assessed twopence per week for school fees, for which he can send one scholar, or attend himself. For every additional scholar he is charged an additional penny. The sum thus collected at the office is divided among the various schoolmasters—of whom there are six, besides assistants—according to the number of scholars attending each. The sum collected from those who do not attend school or send a child to it is equally divided among the six teachers. The entire amount thus collected in one month is above L.70, leaving about L.2 a week for each of the principal teachers, and L.1 for his assistant. The effect of the system is to draw out the children, who, were their parents not forced to pay, would, in perhaps a majority of instances, be allowed to remain at home.

The crowded state of the schools, some of which are attended by from 150 to 200 scholars, will furnish some idea of the progress of population. I have often asked myself what is to become of the mass of beings brought into existence at these and the similar works in the neighbourhood when the blackband ironstone becomes exhausted, which it must do at no distant date? In reply, the ironstone of Scotland is almost inexhaustible, and while the Monkland coal lasts, the furnaces will blaze away and the sound of industry be heard; but there seems little reason to expect, as the population increases at these works, as increase it must, that a demand for labour will also arise; and what, then, will become of the redundant population? Much misery ere long must ensue: the girls must go to service to town, and the boys find employment elsewhere, either in their native land, or with their expatriated brethren in America, Australia, or Natal; where, though years of toil may await them, with perseverance and virtuous industry, competence, independence, and happiness are sure to be ultimately obtained.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE REFUGEE.

THE events which I am about to relate occurred towards the close of the last century, some time before I was called to the bar, and do not therefore in strictness fall within my own experiences as a barrister. Still, as they came to my knowledge with much greater completeness than if I had been only professionally engaged to assist in the catastrophe of the drama through which they are evolved, and, as I conceive, throw a strong light upon the practical working of our criminal jurisprudence, a brief page of these slight leaves may not inappropriately record them.

About the time I have indicated, a Mrs Rushton, the widow of a gentleman of commercial opulence, resided in Upper Harley Street, Cavendish Square. She was a woman of 'family,' and by her marriage had greatly lowered herself, in her relatives' opinion, by a union with a person who, however wealthy and otherwise honourable, was so entirely the architect of his own fortunes—owed all that he possessed so immediately to his own skill, sagacity, and perseverance—that there was an unpleasant rumour abroad about his widowed mother being indebted to her son's success in business for having passed the last ten years of her life in ease and competence. Mr Rushton had left his widow a handsome annuity, and to his and her only son a well-invested income of upwards of seven thousand a year. Since the death of her husband, Mrs Rushton, who inherited quite her full share of family pride, if nothing else, had sought by every method she could devise to re-enter the charmed circle from which her union with

a city merchant had excluded her. The most effectual mode of accomplishing her purpose was, she knew, to bring about a marriage between her son and a lady who would not be indisposed to accept of wealth and a well-appointed establishment in Mayfair as a set-off against birth and high connection.

Arthur Rushton, at this time between two and three-and-twenty years of age, was a mild, retiring, rather shy person, and endowed with a tenderness of disposition, of which the tranquil depths had not as yet been ruffled by the faintest breath of passion. His mother possessed almost unbounded influence over him; and he ever listened with a smile, a languid, half-disdainful one, to her eager speculations upon the numerous eligible matches that would present themselves the instant the 'season' and their new establishment in Mayfair—of which the decoration and furnishing engaged all her available time and attention—enabled them to open the campaign with effect. Arthur Rushton and myself had been college companions, and our friendly intimacy continued for several years afterwards. At this period especially we were very cordial and unreserved in our intercourse with each other.

London at this time was crowded with French exiles, escaped from the devouring sword of Robespierre and his helpers in the work of government by the guillotine, almost all of whom claimed to be members of, or closely connected with, the ancient nobility of France. Among these was an elderly gentleman of the name of De Tourville, who, with his daughter Eugénie, had for a considerable time occupied a first floor in King Street, Holborn. Him I never saw in life, but Mademoiselle de Tourville was one of the most accomplished, graceful, enchantingly-interesting persons I have ever seen or known. There was a dangerous fascination in the pensive tenderness through which her natural gaiety and archness of manner would at intervals flash, like April sunlight glancing through clouds and showers, which, the first time I saw her, painfully impressed as much as it charmed me—perceiving, as I quickly did, that with her the future peace, I could almost have said life, of Arthur Rushton was irrevocably bound up. The fountains of his heart were for the first time stirred to their inmost depths, and, situated as he and she were, what but disappointment, bitterness, and anguish could well-up from those troubled waters? Mademoiselle de Tourville, I could perceive, was fully aware of the impression she had made upon the sensitive and amiable Englishman; and I sometimes discovered an expression of pity—of sorrowful tenderness, as it were—pass over her features as some distincter revelation than usual of the nature of Arthur Rushton's emotions flashed upon her. I also heard her express herself several times, as overtly as she could, upon the *impossibility* there existed that she should, however much she might desire it, settle in England, or even remain in it for any considerable length of time. All this I understood, or thought I did, perfectly; but Rushton, bewildered, entranced by feelings altogether new to him, saw nothing, heard nothing but her presence, and felt, without reasoning upon it, that in that delirious dream it was his fate either to live or else to bear no life. Mrs Rushton—and this greatly surprised me—absorbed in her matrimonial and furnishing schemes and projects, saw nothing of what was going on. Probably the notion that her son should for an instant think of allying himself with an obscure, portionless foreigner, was, to a mind like hers, too absurd to be for a moment entertained; or— But stay: borne along by a crowd of

rushing thoughts, I have, I find, somewhat anticipated the regular march of my narrative.

M. and Mademoiselle de Tourville, according to the after-testimony of their landlord Mr Osborn, had, from the time of their arrival in England, a very constant visitor at their lodgings in King Street. He was a tall French gentleman, of perhaps thirty years of age, and distinguished appearance. His name was La Houssaye. He was very frequently with them indeed, and generally he and M. de Tourville would go out together in the evening, the latter gentleman not returning home till very late. This was more especially the case after Mademoiselle de Tourville ceased to reside with her father.

Among the fashionable articles with which Mrs Rushton was anxious to surround herself, was a companion of accomplishments and high-breeding, who might help her to rub off the rust she feared to have contracted by her connection with the city. A Parisian lady of high lineage and perfect breeding might, she thought, be easily obtained; and an advertisement brought Mademoiselle de Tourville to her house. Mrs Rushton was delighted with the air and manners of the charming applicant; and after a slight inquiry by letter to an address of reference given by the young lady, immediately engaged her, on exceedingly liberal terms, for six months—that being the longest period for which Mademoiselle de Tourville could undertake to remain. She also stipulated for permission to pass the greater part of one day in the week—that which might happen to be most convenient to Mrs Rushton—with her father. One other condition testified alike to M. de Tourville's present poverty and her own filial piety: it was, that her salary should be paid weekly—she would not accept it in advance—avowedly for her parent's necessities, who, poor exile! and tears stood in Eugénie's dark lustrous eyes as she spoke, was ever trembling on the brink of the grave from an affection of the heart with which he had been long afflicted. Mademoiselle de Tourville, I should state, spoke English exceedingly well as far as the rules of syntax and the meanings of words went, and with an accent charming in its very defectiveness.

She had resided with Mrs Rushton, who on all occasions treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration, for rather more than two months, when an incident occurred which caused the scales to fall suddenly from the astonished mother's eyes, and in a moment revealed to her the extent of the risk and mischief she had so heedlessly incurred. The carriage was at the door, and it struck Mrs Rushton as she was descending the stairs that Mademoiselle de Tourville, who had complained of headache in the morning, would like to take an airing with her. The sound of the harp issuing from the drawing-room, and the faintly-distinguished tones of her voice in some plaintive silver melody perhaps suggested the invitation; and thither the mistress of the mansion at once proceeded. The folding-doors of the back drawing-room were partially open when Mrs Rushton, on kind thoughts intent, entered the front apartment. Mademoiselle de Tourville was seated with her back towards her at the harp, pouring forth with her thrilling and delicious voice a French romanza; and there, with his head supported on his elbow, which rested on the marble chimney-piece, stood her son, Arthur Rushton, gazing at the apparently-unconscious songstress with a look so full of devoted tenderness—so completely revealing the intensity of passion by which he was possessed—that Mrs Rushton started with convulsive affright, and could not for several minutes give articulation to the dismay and rage which choked her utterance. Presently, however, her emotions found expression, and a storm of vituperative abuse was showered upon the head of the astonished Eugénie, designated as an artful *intrigante*, a designing pauper, who had insinuated herself into the establishment for the sole purpose of entrapping Mr Arthur Rushton—with a great deal

more to the same effect. Mademoiselle de Tourville, who had first been too much surprised by the unexpected suddenness of the attack to quite comprehend the intent and direction of the blows, soon recovered her self-possession and hauteur. A smile of contempt curled her beautiful lip, as, taking advantage of a momentary pause in Mrs Rushton's breathless tirade, she said, 'Permit me, madam, to observe that if, as you seem to apprehend, your son has contemplated honouring me by the offer of an alliance with his ancient House'— Her look at this moment glanced upon the dreadfully-agitated young man; the expression of disdainful bitterness vanished in an instant from her voice and features; and after a few moments, she added, with sad eyes bent upon the floor, 'That he could not have made a more unhappy choice—more unfortunate for him, more impossible for me!' She then hastily left the apartment, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, had left the house in a hackney-coach.

The scene which followed between the mother and son was a violent and distressing one. Mr Rushton, goaded to fury by his mother's attack upon Mademoiselle de Tourville, cast off the habit of deference and submission which he had always worn in her presence, and asserted with vehemence his right to wed with whom he pleased, and declared that no power on earth should prevent him marrying the lady just driven ignominiously from the house if she could be brought to accept the offer of his hand and fortune! Mrs Rushton fell into passionate hysterics; and her son, having first summoned her maid, withdrew to ruminate on Mademoiselle de Tourville's concluding sentence, which troubled him far more than what he deemed the injustice of his mother.

When Mrs Rushton, by the aid of water, pungent essences, and the relief which even an hour of time seldom fails to yield in such cases, had partially recovered her equanimity, she determined, after careful consideration of the best course of action, to consult a solicitor of eminence, well acquainted with her late husband, upon the matter. She had a dim notion that the Alien Act, if it could be put in motion, might rid her of Mademoiselle de Tourville and her friends. Thus resolving, and ever scrupulous as to appearances, she carefully smoothed her ruffled plumage, changed her disordered dress, and directed the carriage, which had been dismissed, to be again brought round to the door. 'Mary,' she added a few moments afterwards, 'bring me my jewel-case—the small one: you will find it in Made—in that French person's dressing-room.'

Mary Austin reappeared in answer to the violent ringing of her impatient lady's bell, and stated that the jewel-case could nowhere be found in Mademoiselle's dressing-room. 'Her clothes, everything belonging to her, had been taken out of the wardrobe, and carried away, and perhaps that also in mistake no doubt.'

'Nonsense, woman!' replied Mrs Rushton. 'I left it not long ago on her toilet-glass. I intended to show her a purchase I had made, and not finding her, left it as I tell you.'

Another search was made with the same ill success. Mary Austin afterwards said that when she returned to her mistress the second time, to say that the jewel-case was certainly gone, an expression of satisfaction instead of anger, it seemed to her, glanced across Mrs Rushton's face, who immediately left the room, and in a few minutes afterwards was driven off in the carriage.

About an hour after her departure I called in Harley Street for Arthur Rushton, with whom I had engaged to go this evening to the theatre to witness Mrs Siddons's Lady Macbeth, which neither of us had yet seen. I found him in a state of calmed excitement, if I may so express myself; and after listening with much interest to the minute account he gave me of what had

passed, I, young and inexperienced as I was in such affairs, took upon myself to suggest that, as the lady he nothing doubted was as irreproachable in character as she was confessedly charming and attractive in person and manners, and as he was unquestionably his own master, Mrs Rushton's opposition was not likely to be of long continuance; and that as to Mademoiselle de Tourville's somewhat discouraging expression, such sentences from the lips of ladies—

'That would be wooed, and not unsought be won'—

were seldom, if ever, I had understood, to be taken in a literal and positive sense. Under this mild and soothing treatment Mr Rushton gradually threw off a portion of the load that oppressed him, and we set off in tolerably cheerful mood for the theatre.

Mrs Siddons's magnificent and appalling impersonation over, we left the house; he, melancholy and sombre as I had found him in Harley Street, and I in by no means a gay or laughing mood. We parted at my door, and whether it was the effect of the tragedy, so wonderfully realised in its chief creation, or whether coming events do sometimes cast their shadows before, I cannot say, but I know that an hour after Rushton's departure I was still sitting alone, my brain throbbing with excitement, and so nervous and impressionable, that a sudden, vehement knocking at the street entrance caused me to spring up from my chair with a terrified start, and before I could master the impulsive emotion, the room-door was thrown furiously open, and in reeled Arthur Rushton—pale, haggard, wild—his eyes ablaze with horror and affright! Had the ghost of Duncan suddenly gleamed out of the viewless air I could not have been more startled—awed!

'She is dead!—poisoned!' he shrieked with maniacal fury; 'killed!—murdered!—and by her!'

I gasped for breath, and could hardly articulate—'What! whom?'

'My mother!' he shouted with the same furious vehemence—'Killed! by her! Oh, horror!—horror!—horror!' and exhausted by the violence of his emotions, the unfortunate gentleman staggered, shuddered violently, as if shaken by an ague fit, and fell heavily—for I was too confounded to yield him timely aid—on the floor.

As soon as I could rally my scattered senses, I caused medical aid to be summoned, and got him to bed. Blood was freely taken from both arms, and he gradually recovered consciousness. Leaving him in kind and careful hands, I hurried off to ascertain what possible foundation there could be for the terrible tidings so strangely announced.

I found the establishment in Harley Street in a state of the wildest confusion and dismay. Mrs Rushton was dead; that, at all events, was no figment of sudden insanity, and incredible, impossible rumours were flying from mouth to mouth with bewildering rapidity and incoherence. The name of Mademoiselle de Tourville was repeated in every variety of abhorrent emphasis; but it was not till I obtained an interview with Mrs Rushton's solicitor that I could understand what really had occurred, or, to speak more properly, what was suspected. Mrs Rushton had made a deposition, of which Mr Twyte related to me the essential points. The deceased lady had gone out in her carriage with the express intention of calling on him, the solicitor, to ascertain if it would be possible to apply the Alien Act to Mademoiselle de Tourville and her father, in order to get them sent out of the country. Mr Twyte did not happen to be at home, and Mrs Rushton immediately drove to the De Tourvilles' lodgings in King Street, Holborn, with the design, she admitted, of availing herself of what she was in her own mind satisfied was the purely accidental taking away of a jewel-case, to terrify Mademoiselle de Tourville, by the threat of a criminal charge, into leaving the country, or at least to bind herself not to admit, under any circumstances, of Mr Arthur Rushton's addresses. She found Eugénie in a

state of extraordinary, and it seemed painful excitement; and the young lady intreated that whatever Mrs Rushton had to say should be reserved for another opportunity, when she would calmly consider whatever Mrs Rushton had to urge. The unfortunate lady became somewhat irritated at Mademoiselle de Tourville's obstinacy, and the unrufling contempt with which she treated the charge of robbery, even after finding the missing jewel-case in a band-box, into which it had been thrust with some brushes and other articles in the hurry of leaving. Mrs Rushton was iterating her threats in a loud tone of voice, and moved towards the bell to direct, she said, the landlord to send for a constable, but with no intention whatever of doing so, when Mademoiselle de Tourville caught her suddenly by the arm, and bade her step into the next room. Mrs Rushton mechanically obeyed, and was led in silence to the side of a bed, of which Eugénie suddenly drew the curtain, and displayed to her, with a significant and reproachful gesture, the pale, rigid countenance of her father's corpse, who had, it appears, suddenly expired. The shock was terrible. Mrs Rushton staggered back into the sitting-room, sick and faint, sank into a chair, and presently asked for a glass of wine. 'We have no wine,' replied Mademoiselle de Tourville; 'but there is a cordial in the next room which may be better for you.' She was absent about a minute, and on returning, presented Mrs Rushton with a large wine-glassful of liquid, which the deceased lady eagerly swallowed. The taste was strange, but not unpleasant; and instantly afterwards Mrs Rushton left the house. When the carriage reached Harley Street, she was found to be in a state of great prostration: powerful stimulants were administered, but her life was beyond the reach of medicine. She survived just long enough to depose to the foregoing particulars; upon which statement Mademoiselle de Tourville had been arrested, and was now in custody.

'You seem to have been very precipitate,' I exclaimed as soon as the solicitor had ceased speaking: 'there appears to be as yet no proof that the deceased lady died of other than natural causes.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Mr Twyte. 'There is no doubt on the subject in the minds of the medical gentlemen, although the *post-mortem* examination has not yet taken place. And, as if to put aside all doubt, the bottle from which this Eugénie de Tourville admits she took the cordial proves to contain distilled laurel-water, a deadly poison, curiously coloured and flavoured.'

Greatly perturbed, shocked, astonished as I was, my mind refused to admit, even for a moment, the probability, hardly the possibility, of Eugénie de Tourville's guilt. The reckless malignancy of spirit evinced by so atrocious an act dwelt not, I was sure, within that beautiful temple. The motives alleged to have actuated her—fear of a criminal charge, admitted to be absurd, and desire to rid herself of an obstacle to her marriage with Arthur Rushton—seemed to me altogether strained and inapplicable. The desperation of unreasoning hate could alone have prompted such a deed; for detection was inevitable, had, in truth, been courted rather than attempted to be avoided.

My reasoning made no change in the conclusions of Mr Twyte the attorney for the prosecution, and I hastened home to administer such consolation to Arthur Rushton as might consist in the assurance of my firm conviction that his beloved mother's life had not been wilfully taken away by Eugénie de Tourville. I found him still painfully agitated; and the medical attendant told me it was feared by Dr — that brain fever would supervene if the utmost care was not taken to keep him as quiet and composed as, under the circumstances, was possible. I was, however, permitted a few minutes' conversation with him; and my reasoning, or, more correctly, my confidently-expressed belief—for his mind seemed incapable of following my argument, which it indeed grasped faintly at, but slipped from, as it were, in an instant—appeared to relieve him wonderfully. I

also promised him that no legal or pecuniary assistance should be wanting in the endeavour to clear Mademoiselle de Tourville of the dreadful imputation preferred against her. I then left him. The anticipation of the physician was unfortunately realised: the next morning he was in a raging fever, and his life, I was informed, was in very imminent danger.

It was a distracting time; but I determinedly, and with much self-effort, kept down the nervous agitation which might have otherwise rendered me incapable of fulfilling the duties I had undertaken to perform. By eleven o'clock in the forenoon I had secured the active and zealous services of Mr White, one of the most celebrated of the criminal attorneys of that day. By application in the proper quarter, we obtained immediate access to the prisoner, who was temporarily confined in a separate room in the Red-Lion Square Lock-up House. Mademoiselle de Tourville, although exceedingly pale, agitated, and nervous, still looked as lustrously pure, as radiantly innocent of evil thought or deed, as on the day that I first beheld her. The practised eye of the attorney scanned her closely. 'As innocent of this charge,' he whispered, 'as you or I.' I tendered my services to the unfortunate young lady with an earnestness of manner which testified more than any words could have done how entirely my thoughts acquitted her of offence. Her looks thanked me; and when I hinted at the promise exacted of me by Arthur Rushton, a bright blush for an instant mantled the pale marble of her cheeks and forehead, indicating with the tears, which suddenly filled and trembled in her beautiful eyes, a higher sentiment, I thought, than mere gratitude. She gave us her unreserved confidence; by which, after careful sifting, we obtained only the following by no means entirely satisfactory results:—

Mademoiselle de Tourville and her father had escaped from the Terrorists of France by the aid of, and in company with, the Chevalier la Houssaye, with whom M. de Tourville had previously had but very slight acquaintance. The chevalier soon professed a violent admiration for Eugénie; and having contrived to lay M. de Tourville under heavy pecuniary obligations at play—many of them Mademoiselle de Tourville had only very lately discovered—prevailed upon his debtor to exert his influence with his daughter to accept La Houssaye's hand in marriage. After much resistance, Mademoiselle de Tourville, overcome by the commands, intreaties, prayers of her father, consented, but only on condition that the marriage should not take place till their return to France, which it was thought need not be very long delayed, and that no more money obligations should in the meantime be incurred by her father. La Houssaye vehemently objected to delay; but finding Eugénie inexorable, sullenly acquiesced. It was precisely at this time that the engagement with Mrs Rushton was accepted. On the previous afternoon Mademoiselle de Tourville, on leaving Harley Street after the scene with the deceased lady, went directly home, and there found both her father and the chevalier in hot contention and excitement. As soon as La Houssaye saw her, he seized his hat, and rushed out of the apartment and house. Her father, who was greatly excited, had barely time to say that he had fortunately discovered the chevalier to be a married man, whose wife, a woman of property, was still living in Languedoc, when what had always been predicted would follow any unusual agitation happened: M. de Tourville suddenly placed his hand on his side, uttered a broken exclamation, fell into a chair, and expired. It was about two hours after this melancholy event that Mrs Rushton arrived. The account before given of the interview which followed was substantially confirmed by Mademoiselle de Tourville; who added, that the cordial she had given Mrs Rushton was one her father was in the constant habit of taking when in the slightest degree excited, and that she was about to give him some when he suddenly fell dead.

We had no doubt, none whatever, that this was the whole, literal truth, as far as the knowledge of Mademoi-

selle de Tourville extended; but how could we impart that impression to an Old Bailey jury of those days, deprived as we should be of the aid of counsel to address the jury, when in reality a speech, pointing to the improbabilities arising from character, and the altogether *un-guilty*-like mode of administering the fatal liquid, was the only possible defence? Cross-examination promised nothing; for the evidence would consist of the dying deposition of Mrs Rushton, the finding of the laurel-water, and the medical testimony as to the cause of death. The only person upon whom suspicion glanced was La Houssaye, and that in a vague and indistinct manner. Still, it was necessary to find him without delay, and Mr White at once sought him at his lodgings, of which Mademoiselle de Tourville furnished the address. He had left the house suddenly with all his luggage early in the morning, and our efforts to trace him proved fruitless. In the meantime the *post-mortem* examination of the body had taken place, and a verdict of wilful murder against Eugénie de Tourville been unhesitatingly returned. She was soon afterwards committed to Newgate for trial.

The Old Bailey session was close at hand, and Arthur Rushton, though immediate danger was over, was still in too delicate and precarious a state to be informed of the true position of affairs when the final day of trial arrived. The case had excited little public attention. It was not the fashion in those days to exaggerate the details of crime, and, *especially before trial*, give the wings of the morning to every fact or fiction that rumour with her busy tongue obscurely whispered. Twenty lines of the 'Times' would contain the published record of the commitment of Eugénie de Tourville for poisoning her mistress, Caroline Rushton; and, alas! spite of the crippled but earnest efforts of the eminent counsel we had retained, and the eloquent innocence of her appearance and demeanour, her conviction and condemnation to death without hope of mercy! My brain swam as the measured tones of the recorder, commanding the almost immediate and violent destruction of that beautiful masterpiece of God, fell upon my ear; and had not Mr White, who saw how greatly I was affected, fairly dragged me out of court into the open air, I should have fainted. I scarcely remember how I got home—in a coach I believe; but face Rushton after that dreadful scene with a kindly-meant deception—*lie*—in my mouth, I could not, had a king's crown been the reward. I retired to my chamber, and on the plea of indisposition directed that I should on no account be disturbed. Night had fallen, and it was growing somewhat late, when I was startled out of the painful reverie in which I was still absorbed by the sudden pulling up of a furiously-driven coach, followed by a thundering summons at the door, similar to that which aroused me on the evening of Mrs Rushton's death. I seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and opened the door. It was Mr White!

'Well!—well?' I ejaculated.

'Quick—quick!' he exclaimed in reply. 'La Houssaye—he is found—has sent for us—quick! for life—life is on our speed!'

I was in the vehicle in an instant. In less than ten minutes we had reached our destination—a house in Duke Street, Manchester Square.

'He is still alive,' replied a young man in answer to Mr White's hurried inquiry. We rapidly ascended the stairs, and in the front apartment of the first floor beheld one of the saddest, mournfullest spectacles which the world can offer—a fine, athletic man, still in the bloom of natural health and vigour, and whose pale features, but for the tracings there of fierce, ungoverned passions, were strikingly handsome and intellectual, stretched by his own act upon the bed of death! It was La Houssaye! Two gentlemen were with him—one a surgeon, and the other evidently a clergyman, and, as I subsequently found, a magistrate, who had been sent for by the surgeon. A faint smile gleamed over the face of the dying man as we entered, and he motioned feebly to a sheet of paper, which, closely written upon,

was lying upon a table placed near the sofa upon which the unhappy suicide was reclining. Mr White snatched, and eagerly perused it. I could see by the vivid lighting up of his keen gray eye that it was, in his opinion, satisfactory and sufficient.

'This,' said Mr White, 'is your solemn deposition, knowing yourself to be dying?'

'Yes, yes,' murmured La Houssaye; 'the truth—the truth!'

'The declaration of a man,' said the clergyman with some asperity of tone, 'who defyingly, unrepentingly, rushes into the presence of his Creator, can be of little value!'

'Ha!' said the dying man, rousing himself by a strong effort; 'I repent—yes—yes—I repent! I believe—do you hear?—and repent—believe. Put that down,' he added, in tones momentarily feebler and more husky, as he pointed to the paper; 'put that down, or—perhaps—*Ea—génie—perhaps*!'

As he spoke, the faint light that had momentarily kindled his glazing eye was suddenly quenched; he remained for perhaps half a minute raised on his elbow, and with his outstretched finger pointing towards the paper, gazing blindly upon vacancy. Then the arm dropped, and he fell back dead!

We escaped as quickly as we could from this fearful death-room, and I found that the deposition which Mr White brought away with him gave a full, detailed account, written in the French language, of the circumstances which led to the death of Mrs Rushton.

La Houssaye, finding that M. de Tourville had by some means discovered the secret of his previous marriage, and that consequently all hope of obtaining the hand of Eugénie, whom he loved with all the passion of his fiery nature, would be gone unless De Tourville could be prevented from communicating with his daughter, resolved to compass the old man's instant destruction. The chevalier persuaded himself that, as he should manage it, death would be attributed to the affection of the heart, from which M. de Tourville had so long suffered. He procured the distilled laurel-water—how and from whom was minutely explained—coloured, flavoured it to resemble as nearly as possible the cordial which he knew M. de Tourville—and he only—was in the habit of frequently taking. A precisely-similar bottle he also procured—the shop at which it was purchased was described—and when he called in King Street, he found no difficulty, in an unobserved moment, of substituting one bottle for the other. That containing the real cordial he was still in possession of, and it would be found in his valise. The unexpected arrival of Mademoiselle de Tourville frustrated his design, and he rushed in fury and dismay from the house. A few hours afterwards, he heard of the sudden death of M. de Tourville, and attributing it to his having taken a portion of the simulated cordial, he, La Houssaye, fearful of consequences, hastily and secretly changed his abode. He had subsequently kept silence till the conviction of Eugénie left him no other alternative, if he would not see her perish on the scaffold, than a full and unreserved confession. This done—Eugénie saved, but lost to him—he had nothing more to live for in the world, and should leave it.

This was the essence of the document; and all the parts of it which were capable of corroborative proof having been substantiated, a free pardon issued from the crown—the technical mode of quashing an unjust criminal verdict—and Mademoiselle de Tourville was restored to liberty.

She did not return to France. Something more perhaps than a year after the demonstration of her innocence, she was married to Arthur Rushton in the Sardinian Catholic Chapel, London, the bridegroom having by her influence been induced to embrace the faith of Rome. The establishments in Harley Street and Mayfair were broken up; and the newly-espoused pair settled in the county Galway, Ireland, where Mr Rushton made extensive landed purchases. They have

lived very happily a long life, have been blessed with a large and amiable family, and are now—for they are both yet alive—surrounded with grandchildren innumerable.

LONDON SUNDAY TRADING.

ONE of the most startling spectacles to be met with in the great wilderness of London—because it is the one which comes upon the stranger most unexpectedly—is that of the Sunday Market. To the staid and sober inhabitant of a quiet country town, who has been accustomed from his youth upwards to see the Sabbath at least outwardly revered, the sight of one of these crowded places, the theatre of a vociferous and furious traffic on the morning of the day of rest, is generally revolting in the extreme. We had lately the curiosity to visit such a scene, with a view to forming some judgment as to what might be urged in its defence, and we shall now proceed to describe our impressions.

It is about eight o'clock in the morning of the second Sunday in April 1850, and we are standing at the junction of the Barbican with Chiswell Street, at the point where this line of thoroughfare is intersected by Whitecross Street, up which we have to proceed as far as Old Street Road, about a quarter of a mile, the whole extent of which is the arena of one of the most extensive markets in the metropolis.

Although the shutters of most of the shops, nearly five-sixths of which are devoted to Sunday-trading, have been down for nearly an hour, but little business has been done or is yet doing. The few customers who have already completed their purchases, and are hastening homewards, have an aspect of decency, almost of respectability; others of similar appearance are gliding about here and there, and transacting their business with all possible celerity; and it is tolerably plain to the observer that the use of the Sunday Market is not to them a matter of choice. These are probably persons who, not having received their weekly wages until a late hour, and being compelled by poverty to live from hand to mouth, have no other means of procuring their Sunday dinner than that which this market presents. It is obvious, from the expression of some countenances, that they feel the tyranny of circumstances which compels them to break in upon the time of rest. Let us at least give them due praise for the decent feeling which induces them to come at the earliest possible hour.

As we advance up the street, we see the shopkeepers busily engaged in displaying their goods to the best advantage for sale. Purchasers being as yet but few, opportunity is taken to make as good a show as possible against their arrival. We are astonished to find that the market is not confined to what might be considered by some a fair apology for it—the sale of necessary food. In addition to the shops of butchers, bakers, grocers, and provision dealers, not only are those of the slop and ready-made clothes' sellers wide open, but the linen-draper, hosiers, milliners, furniture-brokers, iron-mongers, and dealers in hardware and trinkets, are carefully setting out their windows and show-boards. Curriers and leather-sellers, moreover, have opened their doors, and are already doing a brisk trade, their shops being crowded with working shoemakers selecting the materials of their craft. Unless these poor fellows are actually at the present time working seven days in the week, it is difficult to conceive what should bring them in such multitudes to purchase their materials on the Sunday morning.

But an hour has passed away, and the street, now rapidly filling, presents a very different aspect from that which first struck our view. The shopkeepers have at length completed their arrangements, and now, standing at their open doors, and arrayed in aprons and shirt-sleeves, they begin with pretty general accord to bellow for custom. 'Buy, buy, buy!' explodes a brawny butcher; and the note is taken up by his neighbour,

and repeated by others in every direction a hundred times a minute, rapid and deafening as a running fire of musketry. It would appear as though this simultaneous appeal to the pockets of the public were a signal well known to the neighbourhood, for all the tributaries of Whitecross Street now pour forth their streams of hungry, meagre, and unwashed denizens to swell the inharmonious concert. The shrill shriek of infant hawkers pierces through the roaring din, and the diminutive grimy urchins are discerned manfully pushing their difficult way among the throng, bent upon the sale of certain trifling articles, upon the produce of which, in all probability, their chance of a supply of food for the day is dependent. 'Who'll buy my Congreves, three boxes a penny?' 'Blacking here! Here's your real Day and Martin, a ha'penny a skin!' 'Grid—grid—gridirons! Who wants a gridiron for three-halfpence?' 'Hingans—hingans here! Here's your hingans, a ha'penny the lot!' These cries, and a dozen others from a band of young urchins scattered among the multitude, form the squeaking treble of the discordant chorus that is raging on all sides. We discover as we pass slowly along that a pretty strong staff of policemen is present, perambulating continually among the mass of people, ready to disperse the first nucleus of a mob, or to quell by prompt interference the least appearance of a quarrel. It is plainly owing to their presence that the highway is passable at all, and that some degree of order is maintained amid the furious traffic that now goes on.

It is now drawing near to ten o'clock, and we are struck by the appearance and character of the present attendants upon the market as compared with those of an earlier hour. The males are for the most part the very lowest class of operatives, mingled with a still lower order of people, of whose probable occupation we would rather not hazard a surmise. We look in vain for a single one among them who has changed his working-day attire for a better suit; and the suspicion rises in the mind that nine-tenths of the whole tribe bear their entire wardrobe upon their backs. It is pretty plain that a good proportion of them have but recently been roused up from the heavy sleep of intoxication: half awake, and less than half sober, some crawl doggedly at the heels of their hapless wives in sullen silence, only broken at intervals by the involuntary ejaculation of an oath or a curse. Others, again, are altogether as noisy, and vie with the traders themselves in the loudness of their vociferations. Here one is chaffering for a pair of high-lows, and jokingly threatening to brain the shopkeeper with the heavy-armed heels unless he abate his price. There another plants heavy blows with his fist in the sides of an earthenware pan, by way of trying its metal, and, paying for it the price of a few halfpence, confides it to the charge of his ragged child, with a caution that he had better break his neck than let it fall. Here comes a couple who have completed their purchases for the day: the whole toilet of the man would not fetch sixpence at Rag-fair. Beneath a hat that should have scared the crows of a vanished generation, a shock of sandy unkempt locks shades a visage dark with dirt, darker still with the unmistakable traits of brutality; a huge brown overcoat, patched and stained in every part, induces his whole frame; his toes peep mudily forth from the fragments of what was once a pair of boots. In his bristly mouth is stuck a short and blackened pipe; both hands are firmly thrust into the side pockets of his coat; under his right arm is a loaf of bread, and under his left the half of a huge boar's head. Close behind him follows his wife, laden with a dilapidated basket, crammed with potatoes and withered turnip-tops yellow with age. Her figure is one shapeless bundle of worthless rags, stiff and nauseous with grease and defilement: bonnet she has none, but a piece of tattered muslin does duty as a cap, from beneath which her jet-black hair streams in disorder. Her pale and bloated cheeks show in fearful contrast with a horribly-contused

and livid black eye—the palpable handwriting of her loving lord. Her upper lip too has been recently gashed with a heavy blow. Panting with her burthen, and evidently displeased at some recent real or imaginary grievance, she is venting her wrath upon a miserable child whom she drags by her side, and whose hand she occasionally relinquishes for the purpose of making a sudden aim at his bare head with the street-door key which hangs upon her fore-finger; but the hapless little wretch is too well used to such endearments to be easily caught, and generally manages to parry the blow with his hands, or to elude it altogether.

We observe as we pass on that the gin-shops are now almost the only ones which are closed, and that the portion of the causeway upon which they abut, being free from the distractions of business, affords a space for loungers and gossips, who, having accomplished their purchases, love to while away an hour or two in conversation. Time goes on—and the bell of St Luke's Church, whose tall, ugly steeple, fashioned after the model of a factory chimney, looms dimly in the hazy atmosphere, tolls out to summon the worshippers to morning service. At the sound of the bell the shopkeepers step out and put up a shutter or two, leaving, however, light enough to carry on the traffic within. The trade in butchers' meat, vegetables, and other edibles, now sensibly decreases in amount, while at the same time it is despatched with greater rapidity. Parties late in the market are compelled to take what is to be had without the leisure or opportunity to exercise a choice. This is the very nick of time which the provident trader adopts to get rid of his old and worthless stock: it is said that many a tainted joint finds its way to the bakehouse, which, but for the tardiness of these lagging customers, had been made over to the dogs, or thrown away as useless; and full prices are obtained at the spur of the moment for viands that might have been purchased the night before at three-fourths of that amount.

Before the bells have ceased tolling, the thoroughfare has become tolerably passable for those who have no objection to rub shoulders occasionally with a perambulating joint of meat or basket of vegetables; but we remark that the very few persons who, living in this district, emerge from their dwellings, prayer-book in hand, bound for church, choose rather to escape from the main thoroughfare as soon as possible, and pick their devious way through by-lanes and back streets to the sacred edifice.

Now sets in the hebdomadal current of dish-laden individuals bound to the different bakers' shops, and carrying their Sunday's dinner with careful haste. It is amazing to note the number and variety of viands that dive consecutively into the darkened entrances; and one wonders how it comes to pass that each of the bearers manages to recover his own proper portion when the business of the oven is over. There are a prodigious number of them that appear, to an unpractised eye, so exactly alike, that the task of distinguishing them apart would seem hopeless to one unacquainted with the management of the mystery. A very favourite mode of insuring the variety of two courses at the expense of one baking prevails very extensively: it is managed in this way: the housewife provides a large earthenware dish, about twenty inches by fourteen, and three or four deep, having a division near the centre; the potatoes are crammed plentifully in the bottom of the larger compartment, and the modest joint rests upon them; the other division is appropriated to the pudding, in the manufacture of which we could perceive that a very considerable variety of talent had been displayed.

The bell has now ceased tolling, and the tumultuous uproar of the market subsides to a moderate murmur. Still the traffic is brisk and abundant in the interior of the shops. We remark those of the grocers and tea-dealers crammed to overflowing, and all the assistants behind the counter divested of their outer garments, and reeking with heat and hurry, weighing, measur-

ing, and packing with consummate despatch. The carriers, too, are dealing out soles and upper leathers, welts, wax, and paste, with a rapidity rarely equalled on a week-day, among the meagre and pallid crowd, who can scarcely find standing-room in front of the counter. The drapers' shops are swarming with customers of both sexes: caps, bonnets, shawls, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, change owners in a twinkling. Lads in fustian jackets are pulling about the many-coloured wares, resolved on treating their sweethearts with a morsel of finery; and smartly-dressed lasses are matching their pale faces with a strip of paler ribbon, or selecting a gaudy neck-tie for some favoured swain. The shoemakers and the marts for ready-made clothes have all a good share of encouragement, and do an amount of business in the Sunday forenoon, according to the candid confession of some of their proprietors, exceeding that of any two days in the week, Saturday excluded. This in-door traffic continues till past noon-day; and the shops are seldom finally closed before one o'clock, when the religious part of the community are returning from church. The appearance of the whole street, when the market is over, resembles very closely the deserted arena of a country fair, or Covent-Garden market after business-hours—the ground being one mash of mud and decaying vegetable matter.

We must not omit all mention of the species of literature which finds encouragement among the frequenters of the Sunday Market. Books we saw none, but good store of single sheets of all sizes, and varying in price from one halfpenny up to sixpence. All the Sunday newspapers are regularly placarded and sold; and in addition to them, there was an abundance of the blood-and-murder, ghost-and-goblin journals, embellished for the most part with melodramatic cuts, where what was wanting in truth of artistic delineation was plentifully made up in energy of action. It would seem that there is a charm in pistols, daggers, bludgeons, and deadly weapons of all sorts, with the assaults and assassinations they suggest, that is irresistible to the population of London. No matter how gross the ignorance or stupidity of a writer, so that he have but a deed of blood or violence to unfold: a murder is so delicious a morsel to the palates of a debased multitude, that it imparts a relish to the most intolerable dullness, and invests imbecility itself with the attributes of genius and talent.

The above, though necessarily brief, is, as far as we are aware, a truthful delineation of the Sunday Market. Of such localities, differing more or less in their primary features, there are five or six in the metropolis. When we take into account the demoralisation that must unavoidably accrue from the total neglect of religious duties which the continuance of this practice necessarily entails, we cannot but concur in the sentiments of those who are striving at the present moment to obtain by legal means the power of suppressing it. It is sad to learn, that though the great majority of the parties who gain most by this ill-favoured traffic are willing, nay, desirous, that it should be put an end to at once and for ever, it is yet, through the resistance of a petty minority, continued in their despite. Four-fifths of the Sunday-traders, we know from indisputable authority, would be willing to close their shops from Saturday night to Monday morning; but they are compelled in self-defence, in order to preserve their average custom, to open on the Sunday, because a few stubborn opponents persist in so doing. The evil is great in a physical as well as a moral point of view. Many of the shopmen in the district above-described, and in other places, as we have good reason to know, are confined behind the counter from seven or eight in the morning to ten at night the whole week through: to men so situated the relaxation of the Sunday is not merely a luxury, but a necessity; but from its enjoyment they are debarred by the continuance of a practice which cannot be spoken of without regret—and loss of health is the general consequence.

There has been no lack of legislation upon this subject; but it is a question whether legislative interference will effect much good. The law of Charles II., which would appear upon the face of it to be a good and efficient law for the purpose, has been found, in working, the next thing to a nullity. It levies a fine of five shillings upon the offender; but as the magistrates will not convict for more than one offence in one day, it is practically of no avail, as the profits upon one morning's business in some of the largest shops is from fifty to a hundred times that amount. Moreover, the trader can, and does, when he knows that informations are a-foot, reduce the five shillings to one shilling by taking out a summons against himself, which bars the issue of a second summons, and prevents the disgrace, as well as the expense of a hearing, as of course he does not appear to criminate himself.

We would not rashly impute the whole cause of Sunday trading to shopkeepers and hucksters. Not a little of the evil arises from a practise of paying weekly wages late on Saturday night; and to remedy this, every proper effort should be directed. Indeed, while such a practice prevails, all legislative interference on the subject would be worse than useless.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CLEVER CHILDREN?

DURING a visit to a friend in the country, I was enjoying a walk in his garden before breakfast on a delightful morning in June, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the pensive attitude of a little boy, the son of my host, whom I observed standing before a rose-bush, which he appeared to contemplate with much dissatisfaction. Children have always been to me a most interesting study; and yielding to a wish to discover what could have clouded the usually bright countenance of my little friend, I inquired what had attracted him to this particular rose-bush, which presented but a forlorn appearance when compared with its more blooming companions. He replied: 'This rose-bush is my *own*; papa gave it to me in spring, and promised that no one else should touch it. I have taken great pains with it; and as it was covered with beautiful roses last summer, I hoped to have had many fine bouquets from it; but all my care and watching have been useless: I see I shall not have one full-blown rose after all.'

'And yet,' said I, 'it appears to be as healthy as any other bush in the garden: tell me what you have done for it, as you say it has cost you so much pains?'

'After watching it for some time,' he replied, 'I discovered a very great number of small buds, but they were almost concealed by the leaves which grew so thickly; I therefore cleared away the greater part of these, and my little buds then looked very well. I now found, as I watched them, that though they grew larger every day, the green outside continued so hard, that I thought it impossible for the delicate rose-leaves to force their way out; I therefore picked them open; but the pale, shrivelled blossoms which I found within never improved, but died one after another. Yesterday morning I discovered one bud which the leaves had till then hidden from me, and which was actually streaked with the beautiful red of the flower confined in it; I carefully opened and loosened it, in the hope that the warm sun would help it to blow: my first thought this morning was of the pleasure I should have in gathering my *one* precious bud for mamma—but look at it now!'

The withered discoloured petals to which the child thus directed my eye did indeed present but a melancholy appearance, and I now understood the cause of the looks of disappointment which had at first attracted my attention. I explained to the zealous little gardener the mischief which he had unintentionally done by removing the leaves and calyx with which nature had covered and enclosed the flower until all its beauties should be ready for full development; and having pointed out to him some buds which had escaped his care, I left him

full of hope that, by waiting patiently for nature to accomplish her own work, he might yet have a bouquet of his own roses to present to his mother.

As I pursued my walk, it occurred to me that this childish incident suggested an answer to the question asked by Dr Johnson, 'What becomes of all the clever children?' Too often, it is to be feared, are the precious human buds sacrificed to the same mistaken zeal that led to the destruction of the roses which had been expected with so much pleasure by their little owner. Perhaps a few hints, suggested—not by fanciful theory, but by practical experience in the mental training of children—may help to rescue some little ones from the blighting influences to which they are too often exposed.

The laws by which the physical development of every infant, during the earliest period of its existence, is regulated, seem to afford a striking lesson by the analogy they bear to those laws on which the subsequent mental development depends; and by the wise arrangement of an ever-kind Providence, this lesson is made immediately to precede the period during which it should be carried into practice. On the babe's first entrance into the world, it must be fed only with food suitable to its delicate organs of digestion; on this depends its healthful growth, and likewise the gradual strengthening of those organs. Its senses must at first be acted upon very gently: too strong a light, or too loud a noise, may impair its sight or hearing for life.

The little limbs of a young infant must not be allowed to support the body before they have acquired firmness sufficient for that task, otherwise they will become deformed, and the whole system weakened; and last, not least, fresh and pure air must be constantly inhaled by the lungs, in order that they may supply vigour to the whole frame. All enlightened parents are acquainted with these laws of nature, and generally act on them; but when, owing to judicious management, their children emerge from babyhood in full enjoyment of all the animal organs, and with muscles and sinews growing firmer every day in consequence of the exercise which their little owners delight in giving them, is the same judicious management extended to the mind, of which the body, which has been so carefully nourished, is only the outer case? In too many cases it is not. Too often the tender mind is loaded with information which it has no power of assimilating, and which, consequently, cannot nourish it. The mental faculties, instead of being gradually exercised, are overwhelmed: parents who would check with displeasure the efforts of a nurse who should attempt to make their infant walk at too early a period, are ready eagerly to embrace any system of so-called education which offers to do the same violence to the intellect; forgetting that distortion of mind is at least as much to be dreaded as that of body, while the motives held out to encourage the little victims are not calculated to produce a moral atmosphere conducive either to good or great mental attainments. Children are sometimes met with—though few and far between—whose minds seem ready to drink in knowledge in whatever form or quantity it may be presented to them; and the testimony of Dr Combe, as well as of many other judicious writers, proves the real state of the brain in such cases, and also the general fate of the poor little prodigies. Such children, however, are not the subject of these observations, of which the object is to plead for those promising buds which are closely encased in their 'hard' but protecting covering; to plead for them especially at that period when the 'beautiful red streak' appears; in other words, when, amid the thoughtless sports and simple studies of childhood, the intellect begins to develop itself, and to seek nourishment from all that is presented to it. There exists at the period alluded to a readiness in comparison, and a shrewdness of observation, which might be profitably employed in the great work of education. And here it may be observed, that as to 'educate' signifies to bring out, the term education can only be applied

with propriety to a system which performs this work, and never to one which confines itself to laying on a surface-work of superficial information, unsupported by vigorous mental powers. Information may be acquired at any age, provided that the intellectual machinery has been kept in activity; whereas, if the latter has been allowed to rust and stiffen from disease, the efforts of the man—supposing him to have energy sufficient to make an effort—to redress the wrongs done to the boy, will in most cases be vain. That self-educated men are generally the best educated is a trite remark; so trite, indeed, that it frequently falls on the ear without rousing attention to the apparent paradox which it contains; and yet there must be some reason well worthy of attention for the fact, that so many who, in early life, have enjoyed advantages, have, on reaching manhood, found themselves surpassed by others who have been forced to struggle up unassisted, and in many cases surrounded by apparent obstacles to their rise. It is obvious that the point in which the latter have the advantage, is the necessity which they find for exercising their own intellectual powers at every step; and, moreover, for taking each step firmly before they attempt the next; which necessity, while it may retard the rapid skimming over various subjects which is sometimes effected, gives new vigour continually to the mind, and also leads to the habit of that 'industry and patient thought' to which the immortal Newton attributed all he had done; while at the same time a vivid pleasure is taken in the acquirement of knowledge so obtained beyond any that can be conferred by reward or encouragement from others.

From these considerations, it appears that the most judicious system of education is that in which the teacher rather directs the working of his pupil's mind than works for him; and it must be recollected that such a system, compared with some others, will be slow, though sure, in producing the desired result. Every one familiar with children must have observed with what apparently fresh interest they will listen to the same tale repeated again and again. Now, if time and repetition are necessary to impress on the young mind facts interesting in themselves, they are surely more necessary when the information to be imparted is in itself dry and uninteresting, as is the case with much which it is requisite for children to learn. The system here recommended is one which requires *patience* both on the part of parents and teachers; but patience so exercised would undoubtedly be rewarded by the results, one of which would be, that we should not so frequently see 'clever children' wane into very commonplace if not stupid men.

THE GIPSIES OF HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA.

In all parts of Hungary and Transylvania are to be found the scattered members of a wide-spread family, called Gipsies in England, Bohemians in France, Gitanos in Italy, and in Hungary and Transylvania Tzigany, Tzigányok, and, by a decree of King Ladislaus in 1496, Pharaoes, which corresponds with the name of Egyptians, bestowed upon them in some other countries. Most of the rivers of Transylvania and some of Hungary contain gold; but the most auriferous is that which rises in the western mountains of Transylvania, and falls into the Maros. It is called in Hungary the Aranyos; that is, the Golden. No one makes much of his gold-seeking in the rivers but the vagabond gipsy tribes, who love any easy trade. They get at the metal in different ways: some by throwing the water and sand continually upon a woollen stuff, which catches the gold; but generally by washing the sand in a cradle, a hollowed piece of wood, called *tekenyő*. The gipsies are active and clever at this trade: they seize the *tekenyő* by the two hands, shake it gently, let the water drip, catch up more water, and go on until the gold shines at the bottom. A few minutes will wash a

handful of sand. The gold-seeking gipsies are divided into twelve bands of eighty or a hundred each. Each band has a surveyor, who accounts with a director-general, who lives at Zalathina. They are exempt from public charges. These bands have no fixed place to work in; but each tzigany works by virtue of a permit wherever he thinks proper—now in one river, now in another, but generally in the Aranyos. In return, he must pay to the tax-gatherer every year a *pizéte* of gold, which is worth seven shillings and elevenpence. If he be active, he may make three *pizétes* every week—that is, about two-and-twenty shillings—which, in that part of the world, is high wages. During heavy rains, when the torrents bring fresh gold from the mountains, much more is obtained. They are required to sell the whole of their gold to the official surveyor, and the annual amount has never exceeded twenty-four lbs., or in value about £1400 British. Of course, with capital and industrious workmen, very different results would take place; but the gipsies are idlers, who care only to make enough for the passing day. Some are so lazy, that in the whole year they do not earn the seven shillings due to government.

Their race is found in every part of Europe, and everywhere they seem to have the same habits and the same vices. Scattered over the whole continent, and amid divers populations, they, like the Jews, preserve a national character, remaining unaffected by the movements of society around them. In their own language they call themselves Romm. Many ethnographers have thought them of Egyptian origin; but more recent investigations appear to have traced them to India. 'Recently,' says Gerardo, 'the missionary Wilson, passing through Pesth, thought that the gitanos of Hungary, like those of Turkey, speak a language which approaches that of the Budsarads on the shores of the Ganges.'

The Hungarian gipsies are true to their general character. As teasing as a gipsy, as great a boaster, as great a thief as a gipsy, are Hungarian proverbs. If a theft be committed, and gipsies be in the neighbourhood, they are at once accused—generally with justice. In the villages, they dwell apart from the peasants, who have a profound contempt for them; and they recognise the authority of one of their own people, named *vayvode*, or magistrate, as the lord of the locality. They bury themselves in mud huts, a few feet above the ground, into which they dig for greater space. A whole family dwells in this horrible den, from which the smoke escapes by a hole in the roof, while black and naked children play before the door. If a horseman passes, they run after him begging, and standing on their head. The mother and father come out, the dogs bark furiously, and the horse gallops away alarmed. The gitanos are sometimes nailmakers, farriers, and brickmakers; but they are always beggars.

The gitanos of Clausenburg, the capital of Transylvania, are numerous, and chiefly dwell, with droves of dogs as wild as themselves, in a savage outskirts. Both live in hollows of the rocks, in the low huts just described, and look like the denizens of the Cour des Miracles of Paris, or the Alsatia of London. But the gitanos of Clausenburg have an aristocracy, who reside at the other end of the town, occupying two hundred houses near the ramparts. These are chiefly musicians. They form very clever bands, and go about the country playing on the Communist principle. On their return, an equal division is made, and the share of one man is often from £100 to £200 English. These gitanos elect a *vayvode* every two years.

'I visited,' says Gerardo, the best of recent writers on Hungary, 'the house of one of the rich gitanos of Clausenburg. The master, whose name was Móti, was the ablest musician in the country. Warned of my visit, he received me with a violin under his arm. He led me with respectful dignity into his house, where I was received by his wife—a worthy housewife, who hid her copper-coloured face under the folds of a white handkerchief. His daughters, who had adopted scarlet-

striped kerchiefs, were pretty, but they disappeared. The house of Móti was scrupulously clean. The first room contained household utensils, distaffs, and in a large earthen pot plenty of cream. Amid the decorations of the parlour was nothing reminding one of the vagabond; while I remarked with surprise a statue of Napoleon, and another of his son. The walls were covered with pewter plates that shone like silver; while a portrait of Móti, mythological subjects, and religious pictures, also hung on the walls. Like all his companions, Móti was a Roman Catholic, of which he was proud, being thus the co-religionist of the emperor of Austria.*

This shows that the adoption of an industrious calling will civilise, from the noble who lives by rapine to the vagabond who exists by begging. Nothing can resist the effect of honest, laborious habits.

Most of the Hungarian gitanos are less settled. They wander about, careless of to-morrow, and without remorse for their peccadilloes. They are fortunately not numerous enough to be formidable. They encamp in the open air round a fire, with dogs, some pigs, and a lean horse. If they know a trade, they work at it a while in the villages as they pass. They are blacksmiths or basket-makers, and were once fortune-tellers; but this branch of trade is falling off. They pay no taxes—the government knowing no more of them than they know of the wolves in the forests. They are generally poor, or seem so; but some have amassed riches, and bury jewels and gold in the earth beneath a tree; for as habits of industry have not taught them the wants of civilisation, they have no use for this wealth.

A traveller once saw a gitano beating on an anvil near the road. He got out of his carriage, and approached him. 'What are you making?' said the traveller. 'Nails,' replied the tzigany. 'You are not clever,' continued the stranger, 'and your nails are worth nothing. Could you make a horse-shoe nail?' The gitano showed him one. 'That is no better: look at me.' In a few minutes the stranger showed him two nails of his fashion. The gitano opened his eyes and said, '*Bine invetiati*, you are very well taught!' The stranger was Prince Lobkowitz, president of the General Chamber of Vienna, and surveyor-general of all the mines of the empire.

The wandering habits of the gitanos are not easily cured. The Emperor Joseph II. tried to attach them to the soil. Their very language was to be abolished, and they were called 'the new peasants.' But all in vain. The gitanos took care to behave so badly on the land allotted to them, and from which they dared not move without leave, that they were driven away. They had commodious houses; but they put their cows in them, and lived in a tent beside them. The children apprenticed to farmers ran away. In 1782 there were in all Hungary only 77 sessions cultivated by the gitanos, and they paid altogether only 20,000 florins of taxes. Besides those who were labourers, there were 43,787 gitanos, of whom 5886 called themselves farriers, and 1582 musicians. The number has decreased since, and they would probably be extinguished but for new arrivals from Moldavia and Wallachia. In the sixteenth century the gitanos were driven from several states of Europe. Hungary and Transylvania were more hospitable; and in the archives of the ancient Diets many articles concerning them are found.

Their taste for wandering is supported by their ability to suffer privations and fatigue. They wear the same rags during the extreme heat of summer and the bitter blasts of winter; and when others are crossing a river in a sledge, they are seen walking barefoot, with some tattered rags scarcely covering their forms. But, as above remarked, all are not so miserable. There are some who follow agricultural pursuits in that part of Transylvania called *Mezőség* who are reckoned clever reapers. Like those of Clausenburg, the Hermannstadt gipsies are well off, and enjoy life. They wear the costume of rich Hungarian peasants, choosing

in preference lively colours. Their scarlet waistcoats are covered by little round, shining copper buttons, and heavy spurs sound at their heels. The women more especially feel the effect of this wellbeing. The copper-coloured complexion gives way to a peculiar white which shows off their deep black eyes. They seem to be of two races; some having curly hair, thick lips, and copper complexions; while others are olive-coloured, with more regular features, and smooth hair. But no matter what their dress, the young gipsies are remarkable for their elegant figures.

As for their religion, when they have any, it is that of their nearest neighbours: they are Roman Catholics, or of the Greek church, or Protestants, just as it happens; but they generally choose the religion of their lord, which, according to their aristocratic ideas, must be the best. A like notion makes them select the same original country as the Hungarians. 'Our fathers came from Egypt with Arpad,'* said a gipsy one day who was learned in history. The language of the race has of course become much corrupted. A Hungarian officer taken prisoner under Napoleon, and brought to France, declared that the gipsies of Hungary could not understand those of France. Even in Hungary and Transylvania their dialect has been modified by locality; the gipsies learning the language of the place they live in, and adopting particular words.

Dancing and music are the favourite delights of the gitanos. 'Maitre Móti,' says Gerando, 'introduced me one day to two Bohemian girls. The tallest and oldest had thick lips, fiery eyes, and an African face. She wore a dark robe; a dark shawl with flowers was wrapped round her, and a long black handkerchief shaded her face. The other wore a hussar's jacket of black velvet, a spotted petticoat, and little boots. Her hair, black as jet, was partly concealed by a gauze veil, and framing the face, brought out the whiteness of her skin. She had the melancholy beauty of most of the women of her race not degraded by misery. As soon as Móti had preluded, they began to dance. Their gestures and steps were slow. They held each other's hands; they parted, walking one towards the other, holding out their arms, and making their veils wave, then joining again to execute some expressive movements. Móti put down his instrument; and they accompanied their dances themselves, singing to slow time a tune of great softness and melancholy, which expressed alternately tenderness and repentance, the ringing voice of the one or the grave notes of the other being uppermost according to the sense of the words.'

The gitanos are quick and clever when they choose to exert themselves; but it is chiefly in music they excel. 'Guided only by their ears,' says Schwartner, 'and a little practice, they attain a quickness and vigour of execution which the best masters fail to gain. They are selected in preference for table music, festivities, marriages, and other occasions when people give way to gaiety.' They rarely know a note of music, but their musical genius makes up for their ignorance, and none but the gipsies can play well the Hungarian national songs. Hungarian music is full of depth and passion. Full, solemn, and sometimes sad, it requires calm and ardent performers, who can allow the national vivacity to gleam through even the most melancholy passages. This vivacity bursts forth in rapid and animated flights, which awake enthusiasm, and show off in high relief the bold, brilliant, and hardy Hungarian character. The genius of the gitanos makes them play and sing these airs with incomparable success, not only correctly in themselves, but with variations improvised on the spot. Of course this refers to the very best artists; but if you

* Arpad was the celebrated khan of the Hungarians, who, when driven with his tribes from the banks of the Volga, towards the end of the ninth century, settled on the Theiss, and, as the ally of the Emperor Arnoul, beat the Moravians in the year 895. He gave his name to a Hungarian dynasty, which began with St. Stephen in 997, and which kept the throne till the death of Andrew III. in 1301. This race of kings is known as the Arpades.

put a violin into the hand of a child, he will soon play as well as his father. Thus in every village the gipsies are the minstrels, and take the lead on every festive occasion. Besides, they alone preserve the vast number of unwritten airs which are the music of the land. When travellers stop at an inn, they are sure to come under the window and play; and one of them at Bethlen attained of late years great celebrity, especially for the seditious air of 'Rákóczy.' They one day took it into their heads to play it under the windows of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este when sent to watch the Transylvanians after a violent dissolution of their parliament. The archduke drove them away.

Impudence and cunning are the hereditary qualities of gipsies, but the impudence of musical gipsies is excessive, a trait of character which they share with many other artists in the same line. Perhaps they are proud of their genius, and presume on it; but they are on occasion strangely familiar with the proud lords of Hungary. One day a tattered gipsy, with a violin under his arm, entered a saloon where sat in conversation two gentlemen, he being totally unannounced. He asked coolly if a concert would be agreeable, and was answered in the negative. 'Another time,' said the gipsy, and off he walked. A clever violinist of the tribe once played before a musical lord; and when he had concluded, and had been loudly applauded for his exquisite skill, he handed his violin to the nobleman, counting on shining still more by contrast. The magnate quietly took the instrument, and the gipsy was not a little mortified to find that he played as well as himself.

Ragged, vagabond, careless, confident, proud, and happy, he wanders about with his violin under his arm. Employed or unemployed, he is always the same. If asked to play, he is ever ready, and will execute anything, 'grave or gay, lively or severe,' under the scorching sun or in the pelting snow. Such is the Hungarian gipsy, child of a race which is gradually fading from the earth, and which can only be saved from extinction by losing its nomadic character and adopting the sedentary habits of civilisation.

CUVIER AND THE SWALLOWS.

In his later years the celebrated Cuvier loved to recount the incident which first turned his attention to the study of natural history. While young, and in want, he was engaged as tutor to the children of the Count de Héricy, and with his pupils inhabited an old château in the Pays de Caus at Fiquainville. Cuvier's room looked towards the garden, and early each morning he was accustomed to open his window and breathe the fresh air before commencing the instruction of his somewhat undisciplined pupils. One morning he remarked two swallows building a nest in the outer angle of his small casement. The male bird brought moist clay in his beak, which the hen, as it were, kneaded together, and, with the addition of straws and bits of hay, formed their future home. Once the framework was completed, both birds hastened to line the interior with feathers, wool, and dried leaves; and then taking flight together into a neighbouring wood, they did not return to their nest until after the lapse of several days. Meantime some important events had happened. While the two swallows were so busily employed in constructing their home, Cuvier had remarked two sparrows perched on a neighbouring chimney, who seemed to watch the progress of affairs with much curiosity. The treacherous object of this surveillance speedily became apparent; for no sooner had the poor swallows left the coast clear, than the pair of sparrows took possession of the nest, and established themselves in it as comfortably as though it had been their own property. Cuvier remarked that they never absented themselves together from the nest; one always remained on the watch, with its sturdy bill protruded through the entrance, prepared to exclude every visitor except its mate.

At the end of the honeymoon the rightful owners returned. What was their surprise to find their nest pre-occupied! The cock flew indignantly against his dwelling, to expel the intruders, but was met by the formidable beak of the male sparrow, which quickly repulsed the unlucky proprietor with a bleeding head and ruffled feathers. Trembling with rage and shame, and his bright eye darting fire, he returned to his bride, perched on a green bough, and seemed for some moments to hold an anxious colloquy with her. Then they took flight together, and soon disappeared.

Presently the hen-sparrow returned, and her husband began, as Cuvier conjectured, to give her an animated account of his adventure, accompanying the recital with certain curious little cries, which might well pass for derisive laughter. Be that as it may, the prudent pair did not waste much time in chattering, but hastened out in turns to collect and store up a quantity of provisions. This accomplished, they both remained within, and now two stout beaks were placed ready to defend the entrance. Cries resounded in the air; crowds of swallows began to assemble on the roof. Cuvier recognised in the midst of them the expelled householders making their wrongs known to each fresh arrival.

Ere long, there were assembled in full conclave upwards of two hundred swallows. While they were chattering in a style that fully rivalled the performances of many speakers in more ambitious and celebrated meetings, a cry of distress was heard from one of the windows. A young swallow, tired no doubt of the long parliamentary debate, had betaken himself to the pursuit of some flies who were buzzing about the window. Cuvier's pupils had placed a snare on the sill, and the poor little bird found one of his slender legs entangled by the cruel horse-hair.

At the cry of the captive, about twenty of his brethren flew towards him, and tried to set him free; but in vain. Each effort only served to tighten his bonds, and so increase his pain. Suddenly the swallows, as if with one consent, took flight, and wheeling in the air, came one by one and gave a sharp peck at the snare, which, after repeated pulls, snapped in two, and the freed bird flew joyously away with his kind companions. During this scene, which passed within a few yards of Cuvier, and at about the same distance as the usurped nest, the tutor remained motionless, and the two sparrows never once stirred their threatening protruded beaks.

Suddenly, and swift as thought, flew a host of swallows against the nest: each had his bill filled with mud, which he discharged against the entrance, and then gave place to another, who repeated the same manoeuvre. This they managed to accomplish while two inches distant from the nest, so as to keep out of reach of the beleaguered sparrows. Indeed the latter were so effectually blinded by the first discharge of mud, that they no longer thought of defending themselves. Meantime the swallows continued to heap mud on the nest, until it was completely covered: the opening would have been quite choked up but for the desperate efforts made by the sparrows, who by several convulsive shocks contrived to shake off some of the pellets. But a detachment of the implacable swallows perched on the nest, and with their beaks and claws smoothed and pressed down the tough clay over the opening, and at length succeeded in closing it hermetically. Then were heard from hundreds of little throats cries of vengeance and of victory!

But the swallows did not end their work here. They hastened to bring from all directions materials for a second nest, which they constructed over the blocked-up entrance of the first one; and in two hours after the execution of the sparrows, the new nest was inhabited by the ejected swallows.

The inexorable vengeance was now completed. Not only were the unfortunate sparrows doomed to expiate their crime by a lingering death, but they were forced during their torments to listen to the joyful song of the two swallows, the cause of their execution. During

many days the hen rarely quitted the nest; she had laid six eggs, and while she was hatching them, her mate supplied her with insects for food. At the end of a fortnight Cuvier remarked that the cock was busy all day in bringing an enormous quantity of insects to his household; and looking into the nest, he saw six little yellow bills all gaping wide for food. From that time it became a constant source of pleasure to the tutor to watch the progressive development of the little family. Their yellow beaks became black and shining, their downy bodies were covered with smooth and elegant plumage, and they began to accompany their mother in her short excursions from the nest. The cock taught his children how to seize their prey in the air; how to fly high when the atmosphere was calm, and the flies disported themselves in the upper regions; and how to keep near the ground when a storm was approaching; for then all insects seek a shelter.

Thus passed the summer, and autumn came. Crowds of swallows once more assembled on the roof of the Château de Fiquainville. They held regular conversations, and Cuvier amused himself with trying to interpret their language. The children of the nest were placed in the midst of the troop with the other young swallows; and one morning the whole assembly took flight simultaneously, and directed their course towards the east. In the following spring two swallows, lean, and with ruffled feathers, came and took possession of the nest. Cuvier immediately recognised them: they were the identical birds whom he had watched with so much interest during the preceding year. They began to repair their dwelling, and to stop the chinks produced by the winter's frost; they relined the interior with soft-dried moss and feathers, and then, as in the previous season, set out for an excursion.

The morning after their return, as they were gaily pursuing their prey close to Cuvier's window, for they were now quite tame, and accustomed to his presence, a hawk that was soaring in the air pounced suddenly on the cock. He struck him with his talons, and was bearing him off, when Cuvier fired at him with a fowling-piece, which happened luckily to be at hand. The brigand fell into the garden mortally wounded, and Cuvier hastened to relieve his poor little friend. The swallow was seriously wounded; the hawk's talons had deeply pierced his sides, and a grain or two of shot had grazed his breast, and broken one wing. The kind young man dressed the wounds with all possible care and tenderness, and then, with the assistance of a ladder, replaced him in his nest, while the poor hen fluttered sadly round her mate, uttering piercing cries of distress. During three days she only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she brought to the cock. Cuvier watched his poor little languishing head feebly raised to take the offered food, but each day his strength visibly declined. At length early one morning Cuvier was awakened by the cries of the hen, who was beating her wings against the window: he ran to the nest. Alas, it only contained a lifeless body! From that moment the hen drooped and pined away. She never left the nest, refused the food which Cuvier constantly offered her, and, literally broken-hearted, expired five days after the death of her beloved companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the amiable and gifted mind of the young tutor. It led him to devote his leisure hours to the persevering study of natural history; and many months afterwards he related the anecdote to the Abbé Tessier, who was paying a visit at the château. Revolutionary persecution had obliged this distinguished man to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of physician to the hospital of Fécamp. Struck with the evident talent of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history to the pupils attending his hospital; and wrote to introduce him to the notice of Jussieu and Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire. Cuvier entered into correspondence with these and with other scientific men; and after some time passed in profound study, he was

appointed to fill the chair of comparative anatomy at Paris. The remainder of his glorious career is matter of history.

MR MORRIES STIRLING'S NEW METALLIC MIXTURES.

THERE are few things more remarkable than the total change of properties produced when two or more metals are made to combine together so as to form what are called alloys. This change is so marked, that it is often impossible to predict, from the known properties of the component metals, those of the alloy. We see this very distinctly in the long-known cases of brass, an alloy of copper and zinc, in all its varieties; of bronze, bell-metal, gun-metal, and gong-metal, which are alloys of copper and tin; of type-metal, a mixture of lead, antimony, and tin; and many others.

But although many useful and valuable alloys are known, when we consider the great number of simple metals—of which nearly fifty have been discovered, while at least twenty are sufficiently abundant to be applied to practical purposes; and further, that any two metals may combine in many different proportions; and lastly, that very often an exceedingly small proportion of one metal will give to another entirely new properties—when we consider these things, it is obvious that the existing alloys can form only a very small proportion of the immense number that may be obtained, many of which may probably turn out more valuable than any yet known.

Mr Morris Stirling, a gentleman thoroughly qualified for the task by a scientific education and long practical familiarity with chemistry, has, within these few years, paid much attention to the alloys, chiefly of the most important of all metals—iron. The results he has obtained are of the highest practical importance, and afford a signal proof of the truth of what we have stated—namely, that multitudes of valuable alloys remain to be discovered, and will richly reward the time and labour bestowed in such investigations.

The reader is probably aware that the best hammered or malleable iron is nearly pure iron, and that cast-iron and steel are compounds—alloys they may almost be called—of iron with small proportions of carbon or charcoal. Cast-iron contains more carbon than steel, although in both the quantity is small, varying perhaps from $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 or 5 per cent. Cast-iron is fusible, hard, brittle, unelastic. Steel is also fusible and hard, but it is much tougher, and highly elastic. Here we see the powerful effects of so small a proportion of carbon; for iron is nearly infusible, soft, and very tough, when free from carbon.

Now Mr Stirling has found that cast-iron may be rendered very tough, without losing its fusibility, by simply alloying it with a certain proportion of wrought or malleable iron. He takes, we shall say, a quantity of any species of cast-iron—no matter for the general character of the result of what kind—and has it run from the blast-furnace into moulds containing a certain proportion of scrap-iron. The pigs thus formed are then melted, as usual, in a cupola, and run into the desired moulds for castings. This is produced what he calls his *toughened cast-iron*. His object, in the first experiments, was to improve the inferior, weaker, or more fluid irons to an equality with the better kinds; but he did not expect the remarkable result actually obtained—namely, that all irons are thus brought to a kind of average strength and toughness far above that of the best cast-iron. The strength of cast-iron is measured by the weight necessary to break a bar 1 square inch in section, and 4 feet 6 inches long between the supports, when suspended to the middle of the bar. The highest result obtained by Mr Hodgkinson with the best (Blacnavon) cast-iron was 378 lbs.; but the average, as given by the same authority, is 454 lbs.

Now Mr Stirling has obtained the very high result of 868 lbs.; while Mr Rennie, using Mr Stirling's method, obtained that of above 900 lbs. Later experiments have given a still higher degree of improvement; so that the maximum increase of strength over that of average cast-iron (454 lbs.) is 120 per cent.; and that which may on all occasions be calculated on is from 60 to 70 per cent., yielding an average of about 750 lbs. as the breaking weight of an inch bar 4 feet 6 inches between supports. All sorts of cast-iron, if the due proportion of wrought scrap for each be ascertained, may be brought to this very high average of strength. Of course the improvement is, relatively to the

original quality of the iron, not so great in the best as in the inferior sorts, but even in the best it is very great. This method is not a source of increased cost, for the cost is only greater in reference to the iron used. Thus Scotch pig-iron, at L.2, 10s. per ton, when the expense of the scrap-iron, besides the royalty of the patentee, is added to it, costs, as toughened cast-iron, about L.3 per ton. But it is now 60 per cent. stronger than iron sold at L.3, 15s. and L.4 per ton.

It is not easy to estimate the importance of this discovery, which has been confirmed by many of the leading iron masters, who are now using the patent under Mr Stirling's license. For all castings where strength is required, such as beams, girders, pillars, the advantage is so great and obvious, that it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to it. We obtain, at a cheaper rate, with the same weight of casting, nearly double the strength, which, for railway bridges, &c. is an invaluable result. But further, where the actual strength is more than sufficient to resist the strain to which it is exposed, we can attain that strength by using a much less weight of metal, and consequently at a still further reduced price.

Mr Stirling has produced an admirable alloy of iron, intended as a substitute for that of copper used for bells. It is, even under the patent, one-third cheaper than ordinary bell-metal, exceedingly hard, and not more brittle. It is wonderfully sonorous, and the tone of bells made of it (of which the writer possesses two) is superior to that of any bells of the same pitch we have ever heard. It is rich, full, musical, and pure, and singularly prolonged. Messrs Mearns, the great London bell-founders, have taken a license for this alloy.

The same metals, in a different proportion, yield an alloy which takes a remarkably high polish and silvery lustre, and will probably be found advantageous for speculum metal.

There is another alloy of iron with one or more of the metals above-mentioned in certain proportions, designed for gun-metal. It is made of different qualities, according to the purpose for which it is intended. The tensile strength of two of the kinds was compared with that of gun-metal made at Woolwich. The metals were cast and tried under similar circumstances. Of the Woolwich gun-metal, the average of many sorts was 11 tons per square inch; while that of Mr Stirling's gun-metals was 16 tons per square inch.

With zinc for a basis, Mr Stirling has made many alloys of admirable properties. One, with an adjunct of copper, makes excellent bell-metal. Another, with manganese besides copper, produces one having many of the qualities of gold. A third, with nickel and copper, furnishes a metal resembling silver. The second of these is found highly suitable for metal pens.

It is gratifying to consider these discoveries as the result of diligent application to experiment, and to learn that the merits of the discoverer are likely to be duly rewarded. We find that his improved irons have obtained the approbation of the government commissioners for investigating the properties of iron for railway purposes.

PUNS.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings: the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection, and calls *game*; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in

the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in a very bad repute, and so they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

THE RIGHT LEG.

Having noticed that this limb was more frequently the seat of accidents than the left in the wards, I made the comparison accurately, at one time, of those in the house; and found that of sixteen simple and compound fractures and amputations of the leg or thigh, thirteen were in the right, and but three in the left limb. If a hypothesis were allowed, possibly the fact might be explained on the idea that it is, in this country, chiefly from recklessness and overhaste that accidents occur; the 'best foot forward' suffering the most injury.—*Dr Hartshorne, in American Journal of Med. Sciences.*

MY CHRISTIAN NAME.

My Christian name—my Christian name,

I never hear it now:

None have the right to utter it;

'Tis lost—I know not how:

My worldly name the world speaks loud—

Thank God for well-earned fame!—

But silence sits at my cold hearth—

I have no household name.

My Christian name—my Christian name,

It has an uncouth sound:

My mother chose it out of those

In Bible pages found:

Mother! whose accents made most sweet

What else I held in shame,

Dost thou yet whisper up in heaven

My poor, lost Christian name?

Brothers and sisters, mockers oft

Of the quaint name I bore,

Would I could burst Death's gates to hear

Some call it out once more!

One speaks it still—in written lines—

The last fraternal claim:

But the wide seas between us drown

Its sound—my Christian name!

I had a dream for years. One voice

Might breathe this homely word

As love breathes: I had swooned with joy

Had I my name thus heard.

Oh, dumb, dumb lips! Oh crushed, crushed heart!

Oh grief, past pride, past shame!

To die—to die, and never hear

Thee speak my Christian name!

God send thee bliss!—God send me rest!

If thou with footsteps calm

Shouldst trace my bleeding feet, God make

To thee each blood-drop—balm.

Peace to these pangs! Mother! put forth

Thine elder, holier claim;

And the first word I hear in heaven

May be—my Christian name!

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